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GENETIC 666



fanfic

romance

horror

37 2 2

Chapter 1 by Monorilakkuma

: EPISODE 1 :

Unknown POV

I trembled....I trembled at the sight as I dropped the knife that had stained with blood that crusted not too long ago. The blood that was caked on the knife belonged to my Senior. He raised his face to look at me, he had anger in his eyes...? Shocked about the fact that I had the guts to actually stab him. To be truthful, I never really liked him...In fact neither do I love him as well ?....But only liked enough to only respect him as my Senior. I was fearful of having him to touch me and with a 'different' intention at that.

I was right to not trust him from the very beginning I met and saw him, but somehow little by little I got to know him, a stupid foolish little thought disrupted the supposed-to-hate-him feeling in my mind. My heart melted, and it melted for HIM. Eventually, I slowly began to trust him even though it was a very slow process...And it all changed in just a blink of an eye...

I was wrong to think of who he actually was, he had claimed so many hearts of women and crushed it slowly by giving them false hopes and sinful yet innocent lies he told. This made me

hate myself for loving a person like him, I couldn't believe myself to ACTUALLY fall for a heartless creature like him! Damn. See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 2 by Japhet

linked by the fact she actually found the courage to push the blade in his arm

HIS POV

"I'm impressed by your sudden audacity." Although the sensation of pain begins to creep in, I still find myself half-amused by this girl's courage. Look at that face. Ten days ago, she was a frail and dejected woman who fell prey under my momentary lapse of reason.

"Don't!"

Her frantic voice laid bare of her remorse from the sudden attack. Reflected by a tiny broken mirror pasted on the wall, I saw myself and the ghastly mug. The last time I saw that evil facet was Ariana's final moments. A recrudescence of events will unfold once more. That white skin, red hair and scintillating green eyes may as well be better added to my collection.

Collection....

The recurring migraine knocked me off my momentum. What collection? 'My collection!' - says a voice within my consciousness. I've heard that voice before...

"What's happening to you? James?"

"Don't...come...near" Drifting towards darkness, I saw her drop the knife and ran to catch me.
"...no"

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